

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor

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Fresh Scissorings.

—A miser who gives the public all he gets—the item-miser.

—Bragg, of Oregon, is 111 years old, and envied by his neighbors for holding three of a kind.

—What is the use of talking of this world's brightness and sunshine to a man that has tight boots?

—A displayed head line in a Western paper read: "Desperate assault—the murdered man not expected to live."

—This is the latest form of wedding invitations: "Come around and see me capture a mother-in-law at 8 o'clock, sharp."

—A congregation at Utica, N. Y., proposes to hold a cake-walk and neck tie festival to raise \$200 to pay its retiring minister's salary.

—The birth of the Duchess of Edinburgh's baby increases the number of Queen Victoria's grandchildren to twenty-six, of whom twenty-three are living.

—A Philadelphia gentleman advertises a soap that is destined to wipe out the national debt. There is probably some "blye" about it.

—This has been a remarkably good year for grasshoppers, scorpions, and other insects in Spain, balloon ascension, and potato bugs. But we would have preferred a larger peach crop.

—The only excuse a Tennessee man had for shooting a stranger was that the stranger's name was Moses Bogardus Smith. He said nobody could bring that name into Tennessee and live.

—Detroit Free Press: Some people complain about their children being not observing, but we'd like to see the child who won't observe how the family pie is cut and who gets the biggest piece.

—One of the professors asked a student to give him an example of a mixed metaphor. The boy confidently spoke out: "When my tongue shall forget her cunning, and my right eye cleave to the roof of my mouth."

—Cleveland's mean man, the other day, when a boy restored his pocketbook with \$500 in it, invited the youngster around to a fruit stand, bought a dime's worth of peaches, gave the youth one and put the rest into his own pocket.

—A little boy was recently presented with a toy trumpet, to which he became greatly attached. One night, when he was about to be put in his "little bed," and was ready to say his prayers, he handed the trumpet to his grandmother, saying: "Here, grandma, you blow while I pray."

—A priest who was examining a confirmation class in the south of Ireland asked, "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" A bright little girl at the head of the class answered: "A state of torment into which souls enter to prepare for a better world." "That's the answer for purgatory," said the priest. "Put her down for the class," said the subdeacon. "Lave her alone," retorted the priest, "for anything you or I know to the contrary she may be perfectly right."

—A good story is told of a reporter who, fearful that he might not get the address which was to be delivered at the funeral of a prominent citizen, knelt beside the preacher while he was praying, abstracted the manuscript from the latter's pocket, and forthwith carried it off. The clergyman, thinking his paper had been lost, delivered himself extemporaneously, but the next morning discovered his error, his written address being printed in full in the newspaper.

A COSTUME TO KEEP Afloat.—A Paris correspondent says: "An ingenious philanthropist of this city has just invented a new apparatus for assisting shipwrecked persons in maintaining themselves above water. The public trial of this apparatus took place a few days ago, and proved entirely successful. Two river steamboats were provided by the smiling, enthusiastic, white-headed philanthropist, and conveyed a numerous company of friends, people connected with the press, the clubs, the army and navy, and a sprinkling of members of the Legislative Assembly, to the Billancourt Basin just beyond Asnières. The new apparatus consists of a costume, called by its inventor the 'Natator,' it goes from the neck to the knees, fitting close to the body, but susceptible of being worn over other clothing, if time be wanting for divesting oneself of one's ordinary apparel. From the armpits to the hips the thing is double, forming the case of an indiarubber tube that winds round and round the body. The upper end of this tube has a brass stopcock, through which the wearer blows in air with his lips, the process requiring only a few seconds, and the volume of air thus introduced amply sufficing to prevent the heaviest people from sinking. If it be desired to dive, the wearer lets out the air by merely opening the stopcock. The 'Natator' will thus serve to keep the shipwrecked from sinking, and enable the heroic preservers of human life to reach those who, though kept afloat by it, are unable to swim. The wearers of the 'Natator,' some of whom wore it under their clothes, some over them, while others had undressed and wore nothing else, floated about the steamers for an hour, now seeming to stand erect in the water, now lying upon it, some smoking a cigar, others reading a newspaper or eating biscuits and sandwiches from a little waterproof bag attached to the costume, laughing, talking, and apparently enjoying their novel position. A shower happening to come, one of the swimmers opened and hoisted an umbrella, under which he continued his watery promenade to the great amusement of the spectators."

HUNTING THE BEAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY C. DE W. H.

William Mowa was a poor peasant of the village of Fonl near Martigny, a small town in the Canton of Valais, Switzerland.

A bear was accustomed to come every night to eat his pears—for to these animals all things are good. However, he betook himself, by preference, to a tree laden with the best fruit. Is there any one who will doubt that an animal had the taste of man, and in this case, chose the most luscious pears in the garden? The peasant of Fonl preferred gold, and therefore these pears to all the other fruits. He believed immediately that it was children who came to plunder his orchard. He took, in consequence, his gun charged with common salt from the kitchen, and placed himself on the watch. Toward eleven o'clock a roaring was heard in the mountain. "Is it possible," said he, "that there is a bear in the vicinity? Ten minutes later a second roaring was heard, but if as near as William thought, then he would not have time to reach the house, and so he threw himself flat upon the ground with the hope that it was for the pears and not for him that the bear had come.

In fact, the bear presently appeared at the corner of the orchard. Advancing in a straight line toward the pear tree in question, he passed within ten steps of William, climbed nimbly on the tree whose branches cracked beneath the weight of his body, and began to make a meal, such it was evident, that two similar visits would render a third useless. When he was satisfied the bear descended slowly as though he had regrets at leaving, repassed our hunter, to whom the gun, charged with salt, could be under the present circumstances, of no great utility, and retired tranquilly into the mountain. All this occurred within little over an hour, during which the time seemed much longer to the man than to the bear.

However, William was a brave man and had said in a loud voice, on seeing the bear depart: "All right, go away, but it will not continue so long; we will see."

The following day, one of his neighbors, who came to visit him, found him flinging slugs from a tooth of a fork.

The neighbor took the pieces of iron, turned them over in his hand as a man who understood the matter, and after having reflected an instant, said, "Why William, if you will be frank you will confess that these little scraps of iron are destined to pierce a thicker hide than that of a chamois."

"That may be," responded William.

"You know that I am a good fellow," answered Francis, (what was the neighbor's name) "so let us hunt the bear together; two men are better than one."

"That depends on circumstances," said William and he continued to file his third slug.

"Well," continued Francis, "I will give the skin to you but we will divide the reward and the flesh."

"I prefer it all," said William.

"But you cannot prevent my searching for his track on the mountain, and if I find it, I will lie in ambush in his way."

"You are at liberty to do so," said William, who had finished filling the three slugs, began, whistling the while, to measure a charge of powder the double of that which one ordinarily puts into a rifle.

"It appears that you will take your rifle," said Francis.

"That I shall! Three slugs of iron are more effective than one ball of lead."

"It spoils the skin."

"It kills more surely."

"And when do you reckon on the chase?"

"I will tell you that to-morrow."

"For the last time; will you not consent?"

"No."

"I will prevent you then, for I will search for the track."

"Very well, just as you please."

"Let us both go. Will you not say so?"

"Each man for himself."

"Fare well, William!"

"Good luck to you, neighbor!"

And the neighbor, as he went away, saw William put his double charge of powder into his rifle, slide in the three slugs, and place the weapon in a corner of the shop.

That evening, in passing before the house, he perceived William on a bench near the door, tranquilly smoking his pipe. He came to him again, and said, "I bear you no ill will, I have discovered the track of your bear, so I care no more for you, nevertheless I came to propose once more that we go partners."

"Each one for himself," said William.

The neighbor could make no reply to this that William had already said in the evening.

At half past ten his wife saw him take his gun roll a linen bag under his arm, and start. She dared not ask him where he was going for William was not a man to render an account to his wife.

Francis, on his side, had truly found the bear's track, had followed him up to the moment when he had entered William's orchard and not having the right to lie in

wait on his neighbor's premises, stationed himself between the pine forest, which is half way down the mountain, and William's garden.

As the night was sufficiently clear, he saw the latter start from his backdoor. William advanced to the foot of a grayish rock, which had rolled down the mountain as far as the middle of his orchard where it found itself intercepted by twenty or more pear trees, looked about him to see whether any one was near, unrolled his bag, put it on, only allowing his head and two arms to pass through the opening, and leaning against the rock, became so indistinguishable from the stone on account of the color of his bag and the immobility of his figure, that even the neighbor who knew he was there, could not distinguish him. A quarter of an hour passed thus, in expectation of the bear. Then a prolonged roaring announced him. Five minutes later Francis perceived him.

But whether intentionally or because he had discovered his second pursuer, he had not come by his ordinary route, but had, on the contrary, described a circle and instead of arriving at the left of William as formerly, he this time passed to his right, beyond the range of Francis' weapon but within ten steps of William's rifle.

William moved not. One could perceive that he did not even see the savage beast he had come to watch and which seemed to defy him in passing so near. The bear, on the other hand seemed to ignore the presence of an enemy and continued nimbly on his way toward the tree. But at the moment when raising himself on his hind paws he embraced the tree trunk with his fore limbs, presenting a bare breast—as the thick shoulders did not protect it,—there was suddenly a quick flash of brilliant light against the rock and the whole valley resounded with the report of the gun, charged with a double charge, and the roaring, which the mortally wounded animal sent forth.

There could not have been a single person in the village who did not hear the report of the gun and the roaring of the bear.

The bear ran, repassing Francis without perceiving him, and within ten paces of William who had returned his head and arms into the bag so that he was again indistinguishable from the stone.

The neighbor regarded the scene, being supported on his knees and left hand, grasping his gun with the right, pale and holding his breath; he saw the wounded bear, after making a long circuit to find him retraced his old track which led directly to him. He made the sign of the cross, commended his soul to God and assured himself that his rifle was loaded. The bear was not more than fifty paces from him, roaring with pain, pausing to roll and bite the side next to the wounded part and then resuming his course.

He continued to approach. He was not more than thirty feet distant. Two seconds more and he would have run against the barrel of the neighbor's rifle, when suddenly stopping, he sniffed the air noisily, which came from the side toward the village, uttered a terrible roar and re-entered the orchard.

"Take care of yourself, William! Take care!" cried Francis, springing in pursuit of the bear and forgetting himself altogether in thoughts for the safety of his friend, for he perceived well that if William had not had time to reload his rifle he was lost: the bear had scented him. He had not gone more than ten steps when he heard a cry. This time it was a human cry, a cry of terror and of prolonged agony; a cry in which he who uttered it had collected together all his strength in his entreaties for aid from man: "Help!"

Then nothing, not even a plaint succeeded the cry of William.

Francis could not run, he flew; the sloping ground hastening his course. As he approached he distinguished more clearly the monstrous beast which moved in the shade, trampling under his feet the body of William and tearing it into shreds.

Francis had advanced to within a few steps of them and the bear, so madly intent was he on his prey, had not appeared to perceive him. He dared not fire for fear of killing William, if he were not already dead, for he trembled so much he was not sure of his aim. He picked up a stone and threw it at the bear.

The animal turned furiously on his new enemy. They were so near each other that the bear rose on his hind paws to quell him. Francis felt him strike with his breast against the barrel of his gun. Mechanically he pressed his finger on the lock; the gun went off.

The bear fell backward; the ball had gone through his breast and broken his backbone.

Francis allowed him to drag himself to his fore feet and he ran to William. It was no more a man; it was not even a corpse; there were some bones and mutilated flesh; the head was almost entirely devoured.

—A Cincinnati young man sent a note to his girl asking at what time he should call, and received in return the following brief billet doux:

"Dear Jon—Come! apastate, "MARY."

A Miraculous Preservation.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Copenhagen, says: A Norwegian paper is relating a tale of an almost miraculous preservation. The captain of the schooner Amazon, of Stavanger, recently arrived at Bergen with a cargo of salt, reports that in passing the British Channel he had the opportunity of saving a British lad of fifteen under very peculiar circumstances. The Amazon was about twelve geographical miles from the British shore, when the captain thought he observed through his telescope something floating on the water. He altered his course so as to get nearer, and soon discovered that it was a small boat, in which a lad was lying fast asleep. The shouting from the schooner did not awaken him, but when a small log was thrown over into the boat he awoke with a sudden start; an end of a line was thrown to him, and he was just able to fasten it when he swooned, and had to be carried on board the vessel. In the boat nothing was found but a pair of oars and a Bible. The lad, when brought back to life and strength by the tender care shown to him, gave the following account of his fate: He was sitting on the shore, reading his Bible when some of his companions came down to him and teased him with the manner in which he spent his leisure time, to escape from their banter he got into a boat and kept on rowing, when suddenly he discovered, to his great dismay, that his persecutors had cut the line and left his frail boat to the power of the quick-running ebb. He tried to use the oars, but struggled in vain against wind and water, and, as a dense fog set in, he soon lost sight of land. After several hours of alternate struggle and powerless despair he fell asleep, and when he awoke, he found himself in a small boat, which he had spent in his frail boat when he was at last seen and saved. Unhappily, neither the name of the lad nor of the place where his parents live is given, but that will, I suppose, not be difficult to get at when the fact obtains your wide publicity. The name of the captain of the Amazon is Thompson.

LIGHTING THE GAS OF A TOWN BY PRESSURE.—A Manchester, England, paper says: "Some engineers in Baden have just constructed an ingenious piece of mechanism, which has already been adopted in some of the public buildings and streets of Heidelberg. The object is to provide for the simultaneous lighting of the gas lights of the town. This has been done, both in Paris and with us in the Albert Hall by the use of an electric wire but the German engineers have invented a method more simple and durable. Their apparatus can be affixed equally to all gas jets, and it is made to act not by any special mechanism, but simply by the increased pressure of the gas, which is always laid on from the gasometer when the lamps should be lighted. The one act of turning on the gas at the main ignites it at all the burners fitted with the new apparatus."

—Brilliant hues are not to be worn in dress goods this winter.

—The third prize at a Kalamazoo baby show was carried off by a colored baby.

—A home for Chinese ladies has been established by ladies in San Francisco.

—Mrs. Sartoris and her husband will eat Christmas plum-pudding in the White House.

—Berlin ladies wear Parisian fashions, just as they used to do before the war, notwithstanding their protestations that they never would.

—Twenty-one girls of Kenosha, Wis., have "Resolved that if the young men won't come and see us, we will go and see them."

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